

"THE RETURN OF DODO," by the author of "DODO," will be published in the next issue of Leslie's Weekly.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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SHRUNK.

MCKINLEY—"MY MAMMA USED SOUND MONEY SOAP."
BRYAN—"I WISH MINE HAD—"

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Story by the Author of "Dodo."

In our next issue we will publish "THE RETURN OF DODO," a story by E. F. Benson, the author of "DODO," which was received with such universal favor by the reading public. The new story has all the sparkle and dash of the book whose heroine it brings back to English life and society, there to renew her dazzling triumphs, and will be read with wide and eager interest.

Unmerited Clemency.

A GREAT deal of pressure is being brought to bear upon Governor Morton to induce him to pardon John Y. McKane, now imprisoned at Sing Sing because of crimes against the ballot and his persistent debauchery of elections. A movement of this kind was made some time since but did not seem to prosper, the executive evidently being indisposed to exercise the pardoning power in behalf of this notorious convict. Now, however, the assault is made with redoubled energy, and even the pulpit has been brought in as a supplementary and active co-operating force. On a recent Sunday one of the prominent divines of Brooklyn devoted an entire sermon to the question of McKane's pardon, and some of the reasons adduced by him in favor of that course were, to say the least of them, most remarkable. This divine, who has achieved a well-deserved reputation as a revivalist, insisted that McKane ought to be pardoned "because there are men out of the penitentiary just as bad as he is." "It only seems fair," he added, "that he should not be the only one to suffer for doing what was advocated by others." It is certainly remarkable to find any minister of the gospel avowing such an opinion as this. It amounts to a declaration that because there are a great many scoundrels at large who have never yet been detected and brought to justice, one who has been detected, fairly and justly tried, convicted upon satisfactory evidence, and sentenced to bear the penalty affixed to his crime by the law, should be released. Carried to its logical conclusion, such a sentiment would empty every prison in the land. The preacher goes on to say that McKane ought to be pardoned because he is suffering "unjustly"—he has been "disgraced," his "family and his friends are suffering," and so on. It is a strange thing, indeed, to find an occupant of the pulpit characterizing a sentence of the courts arrived at after due deliberation as unjust, and complaining that a criminal who had been a conspicuous violator of the law has been "disgraced."

If there ever was a man who was justly punished, it is this malefactor of Gravesend. He was a deliberate, arrogant, habitual offender. He violated the law and defied the courts openly and ostentatiously. He used the cloak of religion to give respectability to his crimes. With a superb disdain of law, he struck again and again at the very foundations of the commonwealth. It is not true, as this reverend divine alleges, that the law has been vindicated by the punishment McKane has already suffered. It is not true that our respect for law will be increased by the exercise of clemency toward him. To pardon so notorious a convict on the pretense of mercy would serve to bring contempt upon the law and accentuate the tendency to regard offenses against the ballot as only nominal. There is no more serious offense than that which is perpetrated when the ballot-box is debauched and the sovereignty of the people is nullified by high-handed malefactors; and if our citizenship is to be protected, and our elections are to register the honest will of the people, we must insist upon it that every man who seeks to corrupt the ballot, or to pervert our elections, shall be punished to the uttermost extent of the law. The citizen who pleads for mercy to a convict who has been justly condemned and punished, especially when that citizen occupies the relation of a public teacher, offends against all the proprieties of the case, and does almost infinite harm to the cause of sound morals.

The Love of Fair Play.

THE average sense of fair play among American citizens was finely illustrated in Kentucky in the case of Secretary Carlisle, who, some three weeks before the election, was assaulted with missiles of an offensive character while addressing a public meeting in behalf of sound money. The outburst of indignation over this attack was so great that when the secretary appeared at other points he was greeted with an enthusiasm which could not have been provoked by any other incident of the canvass. At Covington, where the original outrage was perpetrated, he was invited to a second meeting, and was showered with honors, men of all parties uniting in the demonstration of their desire to wipe out the disgrace which had been inflicted upon the community. At this meeting a prominent free-silver man presided, and took occasion to characterize the treatment

of the secretary as an unmitigated outrage. Other prominent citizens participated in the demonstration of respect to the man whom the rowdy representatives of the Bryan cause had sought to deprive of the right of free speech. At another point, in the centre of Populism, the secretary was received by one of the largest audiences of the campaign, the number of those who united in greeting him amounting to over six thousand. A large number of citizens who had never avowed their intention to support sound money openly declared themselves for McKinley at this demonstration, thereby emphasizing their abhorrence of the assault which had been made upon Secretary Carlisle, and their desire to vindicate Kentucky hospitality in the eyes of all their countrymen.

Certainly this exhibition of the sentiment of fair play, in the midst of a heated campaign, must be regarded as in every way creditable to the American character.

What the World Is Waiting for.

In every age there are some who hold to the belief that the world is going to the dogs. The majority, however, generally think the present far in advance of the past. These generally go yet further in their belief, holding, as a rule, that as to material progress and mechanical invention, the limit has practically been reached. Thus it was for years after the steam-engine was invented, and the vapor of water, instead of the power of horses, was used for the operation of machinery. But opinions had to be revised when the steamboat was invented and men could travel on the water without the aid of oars or sails. Opinions were revised again when Stephenson made the first successful locomotive, and men found it possible to travel on land without the use of horses or other animal power. Again there was revision when Morse invented the telegraph, and messages could be sent independently of the mails. Still another revision came because of the telephone, with its possibilities in the way of talking by wire.

But even then the electrical age was not fairly begun, and the electric-light and the trolley-car, which have produced a most remarkable revolution in the daily life of man, have caused still further revisions. Yet there are some, even after all these demonstrations, who believe that the limit of material improvement has now been practically reached. These persons will surely have to revise their opinions, and, according to indications which may be considered practically infallible, some of the inventions and improvements that are to cause such revision are nearly ready to be given to the world.

One well-known electrical genius has one of these inventions which, if what he says about it shall prove true, will work an amazing material change. It is practically an improvement on the steam-engine, and the inventor believes that the use of his contrivance for turning the heat of coal into energy will produce at least as much again power for every pound consumed as is realized through the use of the present engines.

But this improvement in the production of power, though it will save at least half the amount of coal used for manufacturing purposes, and will therefore prove of stupendous importance, is only one of the wonderful things upon which the clever inventors of this age are working, and for which the modern world is waiting. The perfected storage-battery is one of these, and when it is found there will be a revolution indeed. Another is the making of substances suitable for human food, similar to flesh meat, directly from the elemental substances. Still another is the making of pictures by wire, or telegraphing portraits and views. Upon this many have been experimenting for years, but Edison is the first to achieve success. He now announces that his instrument is ready for use, and within two or three months will be ready for market in its portable form. By its means pictures of distant events can be printed in the daily papers simultaneously with the telegraphic reports. The process is described by Mr. Edison as very simple. "The artist makes his sketch in the usual manner. It doesn't matter what it may be. Directly the drawing is finished he wraps it around the little cylinder atop of the machine; he presses a button, and in that same instant, while the machine revolves, the man in the newspaper office, say a thousand miles away, is reproducing that sketch."

Another hoped-for invention is the "teletoscope" or machine by which men may see a thousand miles or "round the corner" by wire. This, improbable as it may seem, is really not intrinsically more so than the telephone or machine for hearing by wire. Color photography is another thing for which the world is waiting, and so is the discovery of a way to make a substitute for the tanned skin of animals, which we call leather. Probably this will be reached when some new way of making paper that is both flexible and impervious to water shall be found. Waterproof cloth that will admit of ventilation is also being striven for, as well as a method of making aluminum, the wonderfully light and strong metal, which is everywhere present, as cheaply as iron is now produced. Whoever discovers this process may be richer than ever man was before, if he chooses.

All these possible and probably soon-to-be-made discoveries would pale, however, beside the discovery of a method to economically turn to the use of man the cold of the poles and the heat of the earth's interior that occasionally shows itself in volcanic fires. To the most advanced scientist even the

prediction that this can be accomplished now seems visionary; yet who shall say it cannot, in the light of what has already been accomplished? In the healing art some wonderful discoveries seem about to be made. Diphtheria and cholera have only recently been mastered along similar lines as those of vaccination and small-pox. Right here in New York some of the most eminent specialists are striving to find a similar way to cure the deadly cancer. They are experimenting with the erysipelas bacillus, and there is some hope that they may be successful.

This will be a great old world in which to live when all these things have been brought to pass.

Japan in Commercial Competition.

It is somewhat curious to read that the British are beginning to fear Japanese commercial competition. Recent reports of official consular authorities in Japan show that Englishmen are really alarmed at the improved industry of the Japanese, who have acquired the manufacture of such exports as silk piece-goods, cotton yarn, glassware, hats, gloves, foreign paper, and the like. The manufactures of the Japanese, we are told, now threaten to encroach in the markets of the East on the monopoly of Great Britain, and this is especially true as to the Japanese spinning industry. In 1878 Japan imported from Great Britain fifty-nine thousand and forty bales of cotton-yarn, and from India none. But with the development of Japanese spinning the sale of Manchester yarn in the East was practically extinguished. In 1875 eighty per cent. of all the yarns reaching China and Japan were British. In 1894 the proportion was fourteen and two-tenths per cent., although the Eastern demand for yarns has increased five-fold in the last five years. It is stated in the same connection that all Japanese mills engaged in this industry declared dividends of over five per cent., and some as much as fifteen and sixteen per cent., while the Lancashire mills have been so affected in the business that only a few of them have been able to declare a dividend of four per cent., and many are being worked at a loss.

These statistics serve to show that the enterprise, skill, and versatility of the Japanese are much more serious competitors in the Eastern markets than they have been supposed to be. Of course the cheapness of labor in Japan has a great deal to do with their ability to compete successfully with England in certain forms of manufacture. The Japanese also have the advantage in the matter of coal supply. There is no doubt at all that English manufactures, as the Oriental nations begin to utilize their resources and to adopt modern methods, will be more and more restricted in every field. If our own industries could be assured reasonable protection, the time would not be far distant when we could possess ourselves of all the markets on this continent now practically controlled by Great Britain, while at the same time it would be possible for us to be more or less successful in the European and Asiatic markets.

English journalists begin to realize the danger which threatens the monopoly which their manufactures have enjoyed in many countries, where we have not, as yet, obtained a foothold, and it is quite apparent that they are becoming distrustful of that fiscal policy which has been so constantly exploited as the safest and wisest policy which a great people could pursue.

An Educational Canvass.

THE recent political campaign was, in a much more real sense than any other which has taken place for many years, an educational one. In this respect it assumed a character as unexpected as it was undoubtedly useful and helpful. It might not be polite to say that the great body of the American people were comparatively uninformed as to the question of the currency. It is certainly true, however, that the views of a great multitude of voters were very hazy and indistinct concerning the functions of money and the considerations which determine its value, and especially so as to the history of coinage in this country. The projection of the silver issue into the canvass by the Chicago Convention compelled attention to it, and, as a result, tons of literature were sent broadcast throughout the country by one party and the other, much of which was calculated to dissipate error and to help the reader to safe conclusions on the general subject. The eagerness with which this literature was received and read afforded the most conclusive evidence of the intensity of the interest which was felt in the issue so suddenly raised. This interest extended even to women, and all over the country women's clubs discussed the question; while even in society circles it was much more largely a subject of discussion and of study than any other political question has been since the Civil War. In some Western cities, great meetings composed entirely of women were addressed by prominent speakers. Thus Speaker Reed spoke to three thousand women who assembled to hear him at Topeka, Kansas. Of course a good deal of misleading matter was sent broadcast during the canvass, but the average reader, we suspect, was able to sift the chaff from the wheat; and while passion and prejudice in some cases strengthened previously formed convictions, there is no doubt that, in the main, the discussion resulted in the formation of a sounder sentiment than had previously existed. Clearer perceptions as to the function of money, and of the relation which it sustains to the

general welfare, exist to-day than have ever before prevailed in this country.

Undoubtedly the impulse which the canvass gave to the study of these questions will continue to be felt, and this enthusiasm cannot be otherwise than helpful in an educational way to the coming generation of voters who are to determine the future policies of the country. One cannot help thinking, in view of the experiences of the late canvass, that this whole subject of money, of standards, and of currency should receive greater attention in our schools than it has heretofore had. Some studies now embodied in the curriculum might be advantageously dropped to make room for this particular one.

The New Primate of All England.

A GREAT deal has been written of late regarding "the dead line at sixty," especially with regard to preferment and advancement in the church. But the appointment of Dr. Frederick Temple, at the advanced age of seventy-five, to the high and onerous position of "Primate of All England" is surely a refutation of the assumption that there is no place for the old man. Dr. Temple is one of the most eminent scholars of the English Church, having taken what is called "a double first" at Oxford in 1842. He was for some time an inspector of schools, and afterward head master of Rugby. In 1868, when Dr. Temple was nominated Bishop of Exeter, considerable opposition was raised to his appointment because he was the author of one of the "Essays and Reviews." When we remember that the prime minister of England found it impossible to make Dean Stanley Archbishop of Dublin on account of his advanced views, the appointment of Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, to the primacy of all England is most notable. It indicates a considerable broadening of opinion regarding religious questions.

It is understood that the appointment of Archbishop of Canterbury is not regulated by political factions. Dr. Temple was made Bishop of Exeter by Mr. Gladstone, and was translated through the same influence to London; but he is now selected for the archbishopric by a Tory prime minister.

In the table of precedence the Archbishop of Canterbury stands above the lord chancellor, and next to the members of the royal family. It is his duty to crown a new sovereign, to solemnize the marriages and funerals of royalty, and to be present at the birth of every royal prince and princess. He is the "friend, counselor, and guide" of her Majesty the Queen in things spiritual, and has not a little to say in the direction of the temporal administration of the empire. He is considered to be altogether above political bias, and to be able to form an opinion on affairs of state entirely in the interests of right and wrong. In the House of Lords he ranks as the first peer of the realm after the five royal dukes, and consequently when in his place in the house he is listened to with deference and respect. Dr. Temple is the son of a British officer, and retains a very marked provincial accent in conversation and speech. He is not eloquent, but his well-known scholarship and his undoubted earnestness entitle him to be heard. At the general election of 1868 Dr. Temple took an active part in the support of Mr. Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and this action rendered him exceedingly unpopular with his brother clergy. At one time he was much interested in the reformation of the stage, but it is said that he gave up the task as hopeless. He is a strong temperance advocate, and it is probable that his elevation to the primacy is regarded with satisfaction by the tectotalers of England. His administration of the diocese of London during the last eleven years has been carried on with marked activity. As archbishop he will preside at the coming "Lambeth Conference," when the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, as well as other bishops of the Anglican communion throughout the world, will be assembled at Lambeth.

Railroads and Foreign Travel.

THE time is probably not far distant when the tourist will be able to make the journey around the world in thirty days or less. With the extension of railways, the establishment of swift steamship lines, and the discovery and utilization of new routes, distance is being rapidly annihilated. It is now said that when the trans-Siberian railway is completed by Russia, and other plans now under way are carried out, modern fast ships and trains being factors in the situation, one can go from New York to Bremen, thence to St. Petersburg, thence to Vladivert, thence to San Francisco, and so back to New York, in thirty-three days. In making this route it is counted that the distance to Bremen will be accomplished in seven days; that St. Petersburg can be reached by rail in another day and a half, that Vladivert will be reached in ten days, at an average rate by rail of only thirty miles an hour, and that from that point, by San Francisco steamer, going by the Hakodate straits, only ten additional days will be necessary. Four days and a half more will bring the traveler to his starting point. This certainly opens up possibilities which would have been regarded as unattainable only a few years ago. One who starts eastward for a journey around the world nowadays goes by way of Europe, the Red Sea, Indian Ocean, etc., traveling for the most part by slow steamers, and occupying

ordinarily about sixty-five days. To accomplish the trip in half this time will certainly be a notable achievement. It cannot be otherwise than that travel will be vastly increased when the ends of the world are thus brought together. The Siberian railway, by the way, with its connections, will be about 7,500 miles long. Of this, 2,000 miles are yet to be constructed, and the work is being pushed with the utmost rapidity, so that it is expected it will be completed by the first year of the next century. It is understood that what is known as the American system will be introduced into Russia, where the work of railway development is making wonderful progress. There are already 34,000 miles of railway in the empire, one-half of which is owned by the government.

It is interesting to learn, in connection with these facts as to railway progress in Russia, that, according to the official returns, the railways in the United Kingdom (England, Scotland, and Ireland) have a total mileage of 21,000 miles. The amount of paid-up capital invested in these railroads is \$5,000,000,000. The gross traffic receipts for the last year amounted to \$406,980,000; and the net income

or profit was about \$190,000,000, including rents, tolls, and other subsidiary receipts. Outside of season-ticket holders (who numbered 1,197,000), 929,771,000 passengers were carried. No dividend was paid on \$400,000,000 of ordinary share capital invested in railways; and the dividends on \$350,000,000 of other share capital was below the rate of three per cent. In contrast with these figures, the total mileage of railroads in the United States at the close of the year 1894 was 178,054, representing a capital stock of \$5,027,604,717, and a total cost of rails and equipment of \$9,693,141,387. The number of passengers carried during the year was 583,248,007. The total traffic earnings amounted to \$1,080,305,015, and the net earnings to \$322,539,276. The total dividends amounted to \$85,278,069. These figures as to our railway traffic and earnings show very conclusively that the public is enjoying the benefit of corporate enterprises which afford their owners only meagre returns, and in many cases no returns at all. The application of the Populistic theories would practically bankrupt many corporations which are now serving the people at a positive and steadily increasing loss.

THOUGHT IS PHYSICAL AND VISIBLY MANIFESTS ITSELF.

PUT a "sensitive" man in a dark room and go with him into the same room. The man will see strange things after he has been in that dark room several hours—he will begin to see you. Take your hands, for example: at first they will appear to him as gray smoke; then each finger will burn with its own light. He will see a luminous protuberance at the end of each finger—sometimes as long as the finger itself.

When the first surprise caused by this luminous appearance of you is past, ask your "sensitive" man to detail for your benefit exactly what he has seen. He will tell you that the colors of the lights which have grown for him are not the same on all parts of your body; that your right hand shows a blue light, and your left hand a yellow-red light. He will describe the same difference in color between the "luminous effluvia" of your feet. He will state that the right side of your body and face is bluish and darker than the left side, which is yellow-reddish and much lighter.

It has been known for some time that under similar conditions in a dark room a magnet emits a blue light at its north pole and a yellow-reddish light at its south pole. The strength of this light varies according to the power of the magnet and the sensitiveness of the eye of the subject. It may be one or two feet in diameter and appear like a fiery flood intermingled with sparks. Hypnotized subjects frequently speak of this effluvia from the poles of the magnet. That their very sensitive retinae do unquestionably see these phenomena has been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt by such eminent and reliable authority as Alfred Russell Wallace, Reichenbach, Deleuze, Despine, Charpignon, Luys, and finally by the great Charcot himself.

Le Colonel A. de Rochas, the director of the "École Polytechnique," in Paris, has published the results of his own personal experiments, showing that these "luminous effluvia" are real and objective, and not imaginary.

Colonel de Rochas hypnotized at different stages two different subjects at the same time and in the same room. Let us call them A and B. A reported that he could see a luminous and phosphorescent coating on B's body. He could see, besides, that B's mouth, eyes, ears, nostrils, and finger-ends were emitting a flame-like light, blue on one side of the body and yellow-reddish on the other. Those openings seemed to act like "escapes" for these flames, which were independent from the coating of the skin. Did A see them because he had a mesmeric illusion, or were this coating and the lights real?

A common glass of water was put within the radius of B's "luminous effluvia," as described by A, who could see how far they reached. After a few minutes A reported that the water itself had become luminous, and that it remained luminous for a long while, even if removed to the other end of the room, out of the reach of B's effluvia.

The sensitiveness of B's skin was made to disappear by the hypnotic process, but any touch or puncture of a pin or needle on the outside edge of the phosphorescent or luminous coating perceived by A's eyes was immediately perceived by B. His body did not feel the sharpness of a needle, but the outside of his "luminous effluvia," several feet away from the skin, had acquired the sensitiveness lost by the body.

And here appears a wonderful fact. The water in the tumbler, removed to the end of the room, had acquired that same sensitiveness. If you pinched the water with your fingers or touched it with a pin B screamed that you pinched him or pricked him with a pin. But B did not feel the action if performed by a person who had no magnetic relation to him. In other words, the action of the magnetizer alone in the water was felt by the subject. Consequently the nervous sensitiveness of B's flesh had been carried further than the surface of his body, and had been communicated to other substances duly soaked and impregnated by his "luminous effluvia." And finally, the sensitiveness of those objects remained in them a while, even when removed to a certain distance from B's effluvia.

"The water," says de Rochas, "loads itself with sensitiveness, as calcium does with light, and the energy received radiates from it until it has returned all it has received—in other words, until it is spent or emptied."

The extent of the luminous atmosphere around B and the force of the luminous flames which flew from his nose and mouth and ears appear differently to A, depending upon the depth of the hypnotic sleep into which A has been plunged. When the sleep is light his surrounding luminous atmosphere is very faint and shallow; but when he is thoroughly hypnotized his luminous atmosphere is intense and extends from him.

Colonel de Rochas found that a glass of water placed within this luminous area of B was vitalized by the same life as B's, and became sensitive to B. The further away the glass of water was from B the less sensitive was he to disturbance in its substance, and *vice versa*. The colonel immersed a small wax statue of a man in this life of B that was surrounding his body, and found that when pricking this statue with a pin (concealed from B's eyes) B could exactly locate the pin pricks on his own body, and would exclaim, "You are pricking my leg," "You are pricking my arm," "You are pricking my face with a pin." The colonel could not find that this sensitiveness of B extended more than fifteen or twenty feet from his body, except in exceptional instances.

The same investigator hypnotized a woman, then took her photograph and immersed it in the developing bath. At the moment of immersion the woman complained of feeling a cold chill. When he accidentally broke the plate in another room the hypnotized subject suddenly had convulsions and became desperately sick at her stomach. In still another instance the colonel awoke a woman from her hypnotic sleep by simply blowing on "her image" (photograph).

This so-called "exteriorization" and transfer of a man's sense of feeling to inanimate objects bears close relation to the subject of the contagion of disease. Still another bearing of the same discovery was illustrated by Colonel de Rochas in an experiment with a magnetized metallic crown.

This magnetized crown had been originally used for the treatment of a patient in the Charité Hospital. When subsequently placed on the head of a healthy subject in a state of hypnotic lethargy, this subject showed every symptom of the disease from which the patient who originally wore the crown suffered. In other words, the "luminous effluvia" of that sick patient had utterly permeated the crown, so that when that crown was placed upon the head of a well man, and that man was hypnotized, he caught the same disease from the crown.

These investigations substantiate a theory of my own, which I have been led to form from results attained in various directions. This theory is that a well man with a strong will is "positive," electrically speaking. I mean to say that his will, or his mentality, or whatever you choose to call it, exudes from his skin and flows out from his eyes and ears and nose and mouth, like the tall tongues of flame that we see burning out into the dark from high chimneys at night. But in the case of a man with a weak will, or in the instance of a hypnotized subject, these flames, or outward visible signs of an inner strong burning fire, are so weak as to barely leave the surface of the body and the orifices of the head.

One deduction to be drawn from this subject is that the contagion of a sthenic disease is much greater than that of a disease of an asthenic type. In one instance a whole room may be filled with the disease emanations, and in the other case they barely exude from the person of the sufferer.

So, too, I may contend that the will of the hypnotizer and the will of the subject to be hypnotized struggle together. The stronger flame beats back the weaker flame, and what was at first defeat becomes finally a hopeless retreat, and the flames of the hypnotizer's will find their way right into the brain centres of the hypnotized.

S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.



M. A. Kennedy. Joseph Herbert. Claude Brooks.
THE TRIO OF GODFATHERS IN "LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN," THE MUSICAL COMEDY NOW IN ITS SIXTH WEEK OF SUCCESS AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.



Cyril Scott. Georgia Caine.
ACT III.—"TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE." A SCENE FROM "LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN."



BESSIE TYREE, THE YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO WILL SHORTLY BE SEEN HERE AS THE HEROINE IN A DRAMATIZATION OF "A LADY OF QUALITY."
Photograph by Schloss.



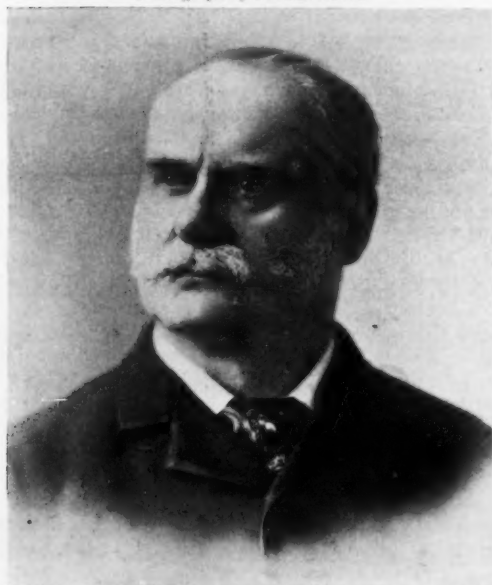
GEORGIA CAINE, NOW PLAYING AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE IN "LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN."
Photograph by Pach Brothers.



JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS, NOW APPEARING WITH THE BOSTONIANS.
Copyright photograph by Aimé Dupont.



SIGNORA DARCLÉE, PRIMA-DONNA SOPRANO.



COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON.



SIGNORA PARNI, CONTRALTO.

OPENING OF COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON'S SEASON OF GRAND ITALIAN OPERA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 319.]



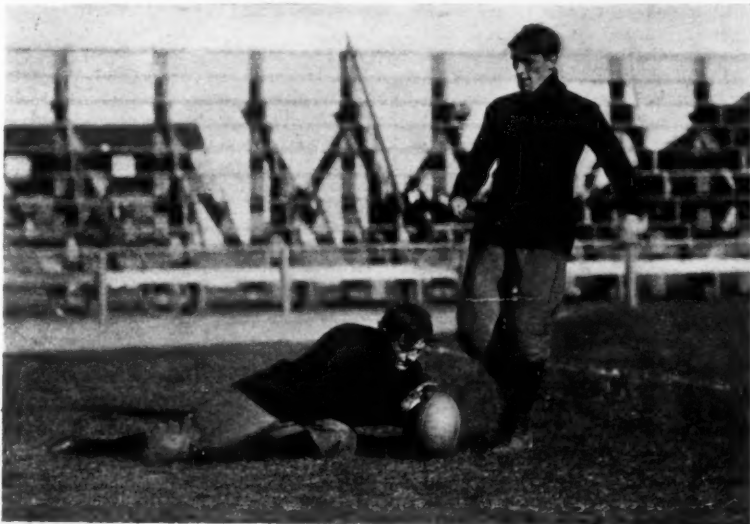
THE CARLISLE INDIAN TEAM.

A hardy lot of Simon-pure Americans equal to the task of playing a close game with the best of the college teams. Bemis Pierce, who plays at right guard, is the bright particular star of the team, and stands equal to the best in the country to-day.



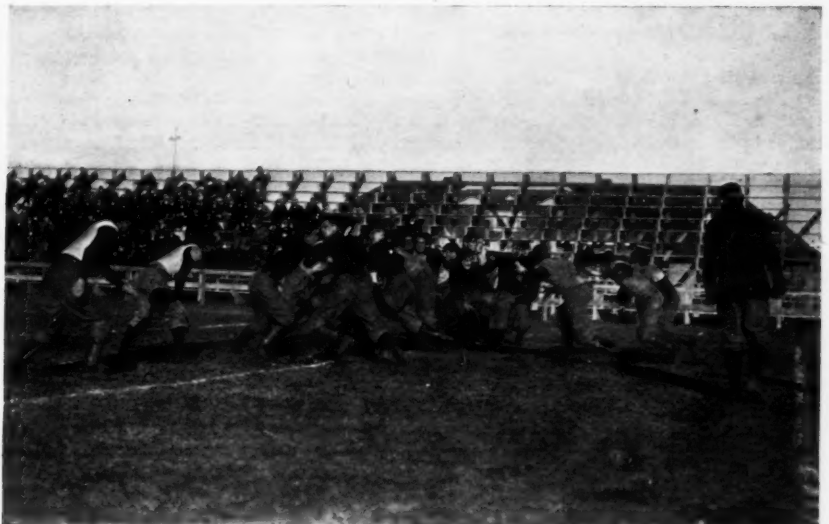
PRINCETON'S CENTRE TRIO.

Armstrong, Tyler, and Gailey. These men are not "beefy," but make up for lack of weight by aggressive and quick play, both in the centre and out in the open.



BAIRD (PRINCETON) KICKING GOAL.

Captain Cochrane holds the ball, and Baird, as he goes at it, shows very good form. His eye is on the ball and his foot is traveling in a true line directly under the body. His poise is also excellent. These conditions mean, as a rule, success.



THE PRINCETON TEAM.

Smith, quarter-back, in the act of passing the ball to Bannard for a straight plunge through left-tackle.



THE HARVARD TEAM AND SUBSTITUTES.

THE FOOT-BALL SEASON—THE COMING GAME BETWEEN THE HARVARD AND PRINCETON UNIVERSITY TEAMS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 319.]
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THE MAN WHO HELD HIS PEACE.

By JEROME CASE BULL.

THE announcement cards of the Dudley-Martin engagement had been out a week. The news of Mary Martin's engagement to Dudley had come as a surprise. Most people who knew Miss Martin well supposed she would marry Page; but she had disappointed them all and given herself to the man they thought less likely to win her. Some of the men at his club were sorry for Page, and some thought that Page was only a friend anyway and didn't mind. But when the week passed and he had not shown himself to any of them there came a little story into their midst that Page was all broken up. It got out of club limits and ran the rounds of teas and receptions, where such a bit of news was real leaven to the ordinary gossip. A month went by and Page was seen only by the men who knew him in business.

To Page the cards brought no news. He had known that Mary Martin was to marry his friend Dudley a week before the formal announcement; she, herself, had told him so, and they had talked it over together. The fact that she had felt it necessary to speak to him of her intended marriage with another man was the secret over which Page brooded, for he had been engaged to her himself for two years.

Page had known Mary Martin ever since he came to the city from his college four years before. Something about him—his formal, almost distant manner—attracted her; he was handsome, was quite alone in the city, and because of the attraction he had for her she made her home pleasant to him. Gradually he grew to love her. He was not impressionable, and the feeling came only by degrees. With Mary Martin it had been different. Her first interest sprung immediately into a fervent, imagined love, which grew more intense each time they met, and which at the end of six months, when Page calmly asked her to marry him, threw itself with all its hunger at his feet. "I am poor," he had said, "I cannot marry you now, but I love you, and if you will wait—"

"Wait," she answered, breathlessly, "I will wait forever. What does a year, or two years, or ten, matter so long as I know you love me?"

He was overcome; he could hardly believe the words he heard her speak and he was dumb.

"Do you not believe me?" she asked. Her hands were in his, but she drew them away and, reaching to a table near by, caught up a book. It was a Bible. "Do you see?" she said, solemnly, "I swear it. I love you and you only; I will be your wife or you shall say no."

It was all very real and impressive, almost theatrical. He took her in his arms. "It is a marriage of heaven," he said, quietly. "I did not need it, my darling; I believed you without it. It will not be hard to wait now, will it?"

But Page did not succeed in business and two years passed without bringing the two nearer to a time when they could declare themselves to the world. It had been his wish that the engagement should not be announced; and so they met, here and there, as friends only.

At the end of those two years Dudley came from college. He had been in Page's class and was his room-mate during the four years he was in college; but after their graduation Dudley stayed to take two years at the law school and to play foot-ball. The men from the first were warmly attached. As unlike in character as they were in looks, each found in the other what was most lacking in himself. Dudley was large, athletic, full of enthusiasm and life; Page the direct opposite. The spirits of the one, overflowing, found their natural check in the quiet reserve of the other. Page was three years the elder and his affection for the irresistible Dudley bore with it an element of care and love which, though never returned in kind by the younger man, nor even understood, made Page Dudley's dearest friend. Dudley had played with the 'varsity eleven ever since he entered college, and for four years he had rowed with her eight. To one of the foot-ball games in New York, in which he had distinguished himself, Page had taken Mary, and they had stayed to shake the hero's hand after the battle. He was covered with mud and was bruised and bloody, but he had won, and the flush and fire of victory made him a real hero to her. That was her first meeting with the man the cards said she was now about to marry. He was asked to dine with the Martins that night. He went, fell in love at once, almost, and wooed; not as Page had done, quietly, steadily, but as he, Dudley, played foot-ball, with a rush that carried all before it. He did not once suspect that of the men who went down before him on the other side, Page, his old chum, was the captain; and Page, in his quiet, peaceful love, and his perfect trust in Mary, did not see that

Dudley had the ball and was making for the goal. He did not know that any game was being played, or that there was a goal other than that which he had scored. He was blind.

Mary Martin's fight had been a short one. She had never loved Page. She thought she loved him until she met Dudley; he had shown her that she did not—that she never had. She was not unmindful of her solemn promise to Page, and at first, with her girlish regard for such things, she determined that it must be kept. She sent Dudley away; but it was only for a short time—a month. She could not live, she thought, without him. Page's quiet, undemonstrative, even ways maddened her. She longed for the burst of love and affection that was the other man's charm.

And so one day she told Page about it all. A week later he got a letter from Dudley full of the joy with which he was overflowing, and telling him of his engagement to Mary Martin. Another week and the announcement cards were out, and Page heard the plaudits to the victor that were ringing in his friend's ears, knowing that the happiness in his own life was sacrificed in them. He knew also that it lay with him to change it all with a word.

"And why not?" he said aloud to himself, stopping short in his walk back and forth in his room. For the hundredth time he was turning over in his mind this something that had happened. When Mary Martin told him of it he had been too dazed to understand all it meant. "If you do not love me of course you cannot marry me," he had said, calmly. "May I know who the man is?"

She had hesitated a moment, then said in a low tone, "Your friend, Dudley."

Page had not spoken. He had simply repeated the name several times to himself. Then he had gotten up and bidden her good-bye. "If he does not know, never tell him that you were engaged to me," he had said. The next day he had written her a line of congratulation—that was all. She had taken it as a release.

A month of thought, constant thought—with always that void in his heart growing deeper and wider—had presented the pictures of Mary Martin, of Dudley, and of himself in their past and present relations so clearly to him that he saw it now just as it was. He was very bitter.

"They have made a fool of me," he said. "They have turned me down."

He stopped before a small picture of Mary in a gilt medallion on his mantel, and gazed intently at it. Suddenly, as though a demon possessed him, his arm swept it off with a blow; its frail frame broke into fragments against the opposite wall.

"Love you?" he hissed. "No; I hate you like that!"

He laughed harshly as he stood looking at the shattered frame and the picture of the girl he had loved so dearly. And then he gathered up the pieces of frame and, with the picture, threw them into the fire. Sitting down, he watched the face on the card-board writhe in the flames until a curled and blackened wafer, it vanished in a breath up the chimney. Watching it, he grew calmer. He was evidently thinking, planning something. He got up finally and got a prayer-book. Finding the marriage ceremony he read it through carefully. A cynical, unnatural smile tortured his face; a fiendish delight shone in his eyes. He filled a pipe nervously and smoked rapidly, crossing and recrossing his room.

"I will do it," he said. "They shall not enjoy this alone."

He opened the prayer-book again and read aloud from the marriage ceremony:

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

He read the passage twice and closed the book.

"Let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace." He repeated the words slowly, then went on, speaking to himself: "I shall rise calmly and say: 'This woman has sworn upon the Holy Bible to wed none but me. I call upon her, Mary Martin, to answer now if it be not so?'"

The bell at his hall door tinkled sharply. He was uncertain whether to answer it or not. The bell rang again and Page walked slowly down the hall to the door. As it swung open Dudley's gay voice called: "Hello, Bob! I thought probably you were out. How are you, old man?"

Page closed the door without answering and followed his visitor into his chamber. Dudley drew off his light top-coat and threw it with his hat and stick into a chair. Then he began:

"Bob, old man, I'm the happiest man in the whole world." His arms circled a globe. "I

can't tend to business, I can't do anything, I can't sleep, I can't eat, as Chumley says, I can't drink—much; I'm all in love. You haven't any idea, Bob, how blissfully happy I am; I feel as if I were going to blow up, or something."

Page had taken a seat; Dudley was walking about. From his friend's first word, the natural, hearty greeting, his look, the tone of his voice, a suspicion came suddenly to Page that Dudley was ignorant of Mary's former engagement. Such an attitude seemed impossible—and yet, here was this friend singing gayly, to him, of his love for her—to him, who heard the notes as a funeral knell. As Dudley went on, the suspicion became a conviction. She had not told him! He did not know!

As swiftly as it had come over him, so swiftly was the demon of hate that had consumed Page with a desire for revenge gone. He saw only his old friend, his old chum, his college room-mate before him, gloriously glad in the love that had come to him; he heard the words of love that gay voice sang, as a drowning man might hear the notes of a bell from a floating buoy beyond his reach; he felt the intensity of that enthusiasm, that life, that hearty, responsive love, so strong in his friend; he saw what his own quiet affection for Mary, true, but undemonstrative, had lacked; he knew why the change had come. It was like a flash of lightning out of a black sky, and for a moment the knowledge, like the lightning, lit up the plain about him so that he saw.

"But, Bob, you have not congratulated me; aren't you glad?" Dudley stopped and looked straight at his friend. The width of the room separated them. Instantly Page rose and crossed to him, holding out his hand.

"Hal," he said, slowly, "I hope you will be very happy." His voice was low and firm, and tears were welling in his eyes. Dudley grasped the outstretched hand and clapped Page's shoulder. His face beamed. He was looking straight into his friend's eyes. Slowly an expression of wonder, surprise, then knowledge came into his face. Slowly his grasp relaxed, his hand slipped from Page's shoulder, his head fell.

"Bob, Bob," he whispered, "I did not know; I did not know."

It was very late that night when Page roused himself from his thoughts and went to his window to look out. The faintest flush of a spring dawn was tinting the skies over Long Island. He was white and faint, and his hands and feet were cold. He had fought the hardest battle of his life that night, and he knew that he had lost. Bitterness, hatred, revenge were still there. The love of his heart was gone. The colors of day coming now into the east made him feel hard like stone. Usually the dawn would have filled him with sentiment, but he felt no touch of sympathy now; he saw no glory in the coming light. He hated the day, for he knew what it would bring; and all the days that were to come.

Dudley had gone to Page's room that evening to get his congratulations. He had wondered that Page had not been to see him or had not written. He was one of those men who seem never to hear the "stories" that are going about, and he was illy prepared for the revelation that had come to him in the tears in Page's eyes. He saw clearly then how matters stood, and he had that right understanding of things which in such cases prompts one before reason has time to act. He had left Page standing and had gone from the room hurriedly. He had said only what could be said, and, somehow, he felt that Page would understand and would not blame him. His affection for Page was as real as his love for Mary. He saw how he had rushed headlong into that love, regardless, unmindful of things about him; but now the things he had rushed over unseen were coming up in his wake. He rushed down the flights of stairs to the street and out into the avenue. Indifferent to direction, he turned by habit north. What should he do? What could he do? Page loved the woman he, Dudley, was about to marry; that was it, simply, as he understood it. Page loved Mary, had probably loved her always, and he, Dudley, had come between them. He knew what Page was. They had often talked of love together over their pipes at college, and Page had always said that the true love of a man came but once. Those talks of the ideal came back to him now in the light of the real, and he felt that with Page it must be so. He tried to blame himself, but the more he tried the less he saw in himself to blame. He had fallen in love with Mary naturally, and she loved him; there was no doubt of that; he felt as sure of it as he did of anything in the world. Why was he to blame for Page's sorrow? He was sorry, but why to blame?

He turned down Eighty-fourth Street and stopped at the Martins'. He wanted to talk it all over with Mary. He wondered if she knew that Page had been in love with her. He wondered if he had ever told her. Before he rang the bell he had decided to ask her that.

They were to be married in two weeks. She

was waiting for him, wondering why he did not come. She knew his ring, and ran to the door herself and threw her arms about his neck as he came in.

"I was getting so worried about you, dear," she said. "Why are you so late? I thought you were forgetting." She looked up at him wistfully. They had gone into the parlor, his arm about her, and before he answered her they sat down.

She saw at once that he was worried about something and stole her hand into his. "Is anything the matter, dear?" she asked.

"I stopped in to see Page," he began directly; "that's why I am a little late." He was silent again for a moment, as if he were thinking; then he turned and asked:

"Mary, did you ever love Page?"

She started and looked at Dudley intently.

"Did you?" he asked again.

Her eyes fell and she turned her head away.

"I thought I did once," she answered, slowly.

"And you don't now?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Why not now?" he persisted.

She looked up quickly with wonder in her face. "Why not now?" she repeated, "because I love you—none but you. Don't you understand?"

"Did you ever know that Page loved you?" he went on, seriously.

"Yes," she answered.

"He told you so?"

"Yes."

"And asked you to be his wife?" He leaned forward and looked at her intently.

"Yes."

"And you said no?"

She did not reply at once. She had not forgotten Page. She remembered that he had asked her not to tell Dudley of her former engagement to him, and she would have respected that wish if—Dudley had not wanted to know. Now that he did want to know, she had but one mind and told him.

"Page and I were engaged once," she began very frankly; "we thought we were in love and he asked me if I would marry him when he got so that he could marry. I did not know what love was then and I said yes, I would." She hesitated—"I thought I loved; I know now I was mistaken. I think we both were."

There was silence for a time, then Dudley said: "No; Page wasn't mistaken. He loves you now, Mary, more than ever, and I, who was called his best friend, have come in between him and you and robbed him to make myself happy."

"Don't say that," she pleaded. "You are not to blame; no one is to blame. I should not have promised him more than I was able to give, that is all. You are his best friend more now than ever. You came and made me see that what I had given him was not love; you kept me from marrying him—me, who had only an imagined love to give him; were you not his friend then?"

Dudley's power of seeing things as another whom he loved saw them was not a little part of his nature. Perhaps it showed him as he was better than some of his more apparent characteristics. So it was not difficult for him to look upon Mary's engagement to Page from her point of view. He took her view of the matter entirely, and was firmly convinced that, although Page might never know it, he had saved him sorrow rather than brought it upon him. In this belief he was honest and sincere, and he left Mary almost light-hearted.

They were to be married in two weeks. Page's love and disappointment, the knowledge of which had come up as a black cloud to threaten the sunshine of that day, had disappeared mysteriously below Dudley's horizon. To Mary it had never existed. But as a cloud it was not dispelled.

Mary Martin was to be married in St. Mary's Chapel, at noon on the twelfth day of May. The day came and with it the perfect beauty of spring. It had been a late season, but on this day all the world awoke suddenly with a glad note of warm sunshine and new life. The music of birds was incessant; the perfume of budding leaves and blossoms filled the air; love was everywhere.

Page slept none at all the night before. At early dawn he stood looking out of his window toward the east and the coming of the day beyond which for a month past he had not looked. He watched the blue come into the darkness along the horizon, and the faint pink into the blue, and the gold rays of light into the pink. The sun shot up and all the tin-coated rooftops below him glistened so that for a moment it seemed that a great shining sea of gold was before him. Here and there the spire of a church rose sharp and black out of the light. The steeple of St. Mary's was one. He looked at it and forgot the beauty of the dawn. He could hear the birds singing in the park below, and the air he breathed was the purest of a spring morning, but neither the joy of the one nor the life of the other touched him. He had

changed a great deal in a month. He had hardened himself well for that day. The notes of spring were meaningless to him, and he shut his window and went back into the dreary lamp-light and close, smoky air of his apartment. He picked up the prayer-book and read again the marriage ceremony, particularly the passage he had marked two weeks before. Then he repeated aloud what was written on a paper inclosed at the service page: "I crave your pardon; if it be right to ask if any man can show just cause why these two may not lawfully be joined together, it may not be wrong to answer. I crave only a word from her. Mary Martin, do you break your oath to me before God?"

The words came slowly, evenly, coldly. There was not a shade of feeling or of accent in one of them, and Page uttered them without looking upon the paper. He had learned them well. He had determined that there should be as little sensation about his act as possible, and, with the knowledge of the complete mastery of his feelings Nemesis had gained, he felt that there would be no weakness. He had not thought of what Mary would answer, nor of the curious, awe-stricken people, nor of the surroundings at all. He was blind to effects and deaf to all his better instincts. In a curious way, half frenzied, half real, he had made this act a duty to himself.

He closed the book, put out the lights, pushed back the heavy curtains at his windows, and then, slipping on a light coat and taking his hat, went to his business. At ten o'clock he returned. He was very pale and faint. As he drank heavily from a flask of whisky his hand trembled violently. Yet, dressing himself for the wedding a few moments later, he shaved without blemish.

To many of the people who were interested in the Dudley-Martin wedding, noon of the twelfth of May came altogether too soon. To Mary and Dudley it seemed the hour would never come. To Page it came quite as the noon of any other day, except that he had left his business earlier, was a trifle whiter, and was more reserved than usual with those he met. Entering the church he had no difficulty in placing himself where he wished to be. The seat he had chosen in advance was on the side aisle, well to the front and just at the left of a pillar. Opposite him would be the Martins and Mary's relatives; but he had not thought of that. From the chosen seat he would have no difficulty in stepping forward to the altar-rail.

At first he was singularly calm. Presently the man who was to be Dudley's best man opened the door at the side of the altar and looked out from the chancel room to the filling church. Behind the man in the room Page could see Dudley plainly. He was drawing on his gloves. His face was flushed and the expression was one of infinite hope and joy. He chanced to see Page, to meet his look. His eyes fell, and over his face came a look of such sympathy, such sorrow, that even the joy and the hope which had made it light a moment before vanished.

Page trembled violently; his eyes filled with tears. It was the first touch of tenderness he had felt since Dudley had taken his hand that night in his room and told him that he had not known. Again the great love for his friend that was in his heart then came over him. There was only a sense of grief, unutterable, beneath it. Bitterness, hatred, malice, the cry for justice to himself, his imagined duty, for the moment vanished. He could not see. The white lilies and roses and the green smilax before him were one. He did not know that people were about him, nor that the church had filled. As in a dream, dazed, uncertain, he heard the notes of the organ; they were whispering to him of some far-off gladness and love. He heard singing, and choir-boys in their robes of white passed before him. And then a strange clamor of low, distant whistles; it was noon.

On the moment the church filled with the music of "Lohengrin." There was a stir about him, but Page did not turn his head to the coming procession; for Dudley had appeared at the altar-rail. Through the mist before his eyes Page could not see his friend's face nor the look of expectancy and joy with which he awaited his bride, but he felt the look and he knew the love beneath it. And again for a moment there was only the old feeling for Dudley swelling up in his heart and smothering the bitterness.

Distinctly, clearly, he saw the figure of his friend come forward to meet the bride; he saw the hand reached out and the hand taken. He leaned forward in his seat, watching the two intently and waiting for the words that were to call him to his feet; he heard the slow, calm voice of the clergyman saying: "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together let him speak now or else—"

Mary Martin had raised her eyes and was looking out over the church. A quick glance and they rested upon the man bent forward in the seat by the pillar and spoke to him.

Page drew back; he could not breathe; the blood choked in his veins; he tried to rise—he could not; to speak—the pounding of his heart was the only sound in his ears. He felt weak and drew himself up close to the pillar. Indifferently he saw the man and woman go forward together and kneel at the altar, and he heard the words "Mary" and "Harold" and the answers "I do." And then, faintly, disconnectedly, as though far away, the notes of the Mendelssohn wedding march came to him.

One of the ushers, going out, had noticed the deathly pallor of the face and the closed eyes, and had hurried back. But before he could reach him, Page had risen and was coming slowly down the aisle through the empty church.

Songs of the Suwanee River.

To sit in a gorgeous box at some splendid New York theatre, amid a scene of life and brilliant glitter, and hear the marvelous voice of Patti ripple away on the melody of "Way down upon de S'wanee Ribber" is one thing, and to travel through the South until suddenly, with a squeak from the locomotive, one looks from the window of a Pullman car and sees for the first time in all his life the clear, silent waters of this stream, is quite a different thing. How many have seen the Suwanee River through the veil of sentiment and song, under environment of the first-named order; and how few, comparatively, have actually stood upon the banks of the river itself, listened to the soft, low murmur of its meandering waters, so clear, so beautiful, and so blue in eddy places, with trees bending over its bosom, all festooned with long, waving Spanish moss, which so abounds in the western regions of Florida. Fewer still are those who have lived upon the banks of this river, known throughout the world of song, long enough to make a study of the people who dwell permanently in its long, sweeping vales—the land of flowers, song-birds, and sunshine.

Just how a river, a narrow little sand-bottomed, blue-watered river, that plays so small a part in the map of the United States as does the Suwanee, could ever have become so famous in this wide world does seem strange to one when he comes to think of it, all because of a mere song. But, after all, it has a charm all its own, and the average visitor will find, when he once falls under its spell, that it will linger with him with surprising tenacity and grow upon him like the shadow of some mysterious fascination. No doubt, there was some such inspiration behind the lines,

"Way down upon de S'wanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar my heart am turbin' ebber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay."

Be that as it may, no such ideal picture-book songs as this are ever heard on the Suwanee River in real life, unless it be, now and then, when some resident of this section chooses to hum a few lines of this same song in a spirit much the same as that of the deacon in church who says "Amen" when the preacher has finished the morning prayer—simply agreeing to what the author of this immortal song has written.

But there are songs along the Suwanee River that are characteristic and unique in all their plaintive melody, pathos, and humor. The negroes who are found at work along the river, either on the little boats that haul timber up and down from the mills or phosphate from the mines, or out in the lumber camps and fields along the river bank, seem to be all given to song. They go about their work in the morning with a song and sing all the livelong day, crooning some plaintive air in a monotonous fashion, or else joining in a chorus where there are several of them and making the woods around fairly reverberate with the echoes of their camp-meeting hymns, such as this:

"Jes' look over yonder what I see—
Angels bid me ter come—
See two angels callin' at me—
Angels bid me ter come.
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Fur de angels bid 'er me ter come!"

How their rich, mellow voices do melt away in the distance as they join in this sweet old air, and how the plaintive strain seems to die away upon the sighing waters of the famed river! And when they get to the chorus how they swing around at their work and bear down on the loud pedal of their voices and throw the genuine old jubilee vigor of camp-meeting times into the song. If they are cutting logs for the saw-mill nigh at hand they are apt to swing their axes in full time with the measure of the song, and this gives it all the more interest and peculiar charm.

One of the lively "jig-songs" that are often heard in the lumber and phosphate camps along the Suwanee River runs something like this:

"Jay-bird up de sugar-tree,
Sparrow on de groun',
Jay-bird shake de sugar down,
Sparrow pass hit eroun'.
Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo my gal,
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.
Five cents is my pocket change,
Ten cents is my bill;
If times don't git no bettah heah
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill,"
etc., etc.

The music to this song is much in the fashion of the common negro songs, lively, yet full of pathos and plaintive melody. There is that in all negro songs that is plaintive, even their most exasperating foot-shaking and soul-stirring "jig-songs."

True, typical negro songs rarely ever show any particular effort at preparation. They seem to just boil right out of the darkies' heart and soul, and if by chance they manage to get a fairly good jingle or rhyme to them, it is by no special poetical painstaking on the part of the author, and, in fact, is of but little consequence to him. Darkies of the type found along the Suwanee River seem to steer clear of poetical effect, even in their love-songs. Take the following, for instance:

"Good-bye, mer true love,
Good-bye, mer gal;
Farewell, mer han'some gal,
I's comin' back again;
Sailin' down de ribber,
Workin' on de train,
Don't keer what I do, mer gal,
I's comin' back again."

While this song has but little of the genuine divine touch of an Alfred Austin about it, one thing is certain, it is a very sweet and soothing melody when the darkies sing it with all the blending parts, tenor, bass and baritone.

Such are the songs that one hears on the Suwanee River in these modern days of progress and material development. Florida is a great field for the promoter of new enterprises now, and the world of song among the darkies is pretty closely aligned with the new industrial world of development which such men as Mr. H. B. Plant, the railroad and steamship magnate, adorn. Under the touch of such men's wands Florida is rapidly becoming a State of railroads, manufactories, and agricultural industries, and the old luxurious atmosphere of sentiment and song is rising like mist from the region of the Suwanee River in the sunshine of a brighter day.

REMSEN CRAWFORD.

The Start of a Great University.

THE laying of the corner-stone of the Hall of History, the first building to be erected of the American University at Washington, which occurred on the 21st ultimo, was an event of great interest. Addresses were made by Bishop Hurst, who is chancellor of the new university, Bishop Wilson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, Bishop Fowler, Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, Bishop McCabe, the famous chaplain, and others.

The stone was laid according to the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Bowman, who is the senior bishop of the church. The mallet used on this occasion was the one with which President Washington laid the corner-stone of the National Capitol. A hymn was written for the occasion by Dr. George Lansing Taylor, entitled "A Prayer for Wisdom." The Grand Lodge of Masons of the District of Columbia had charge of the concluding services.

The ground-breaking took place early in the year and was also a ceremonious event, a number of prominent men of this country and Canada making addresses. The first shovelful of dirt was dug by Bishop Hurst, and he was followed by the speakers, invited guests, ladies, and nearly every one present.

The site of ninety acres is on a hill northwest of the city, commanding a magnificent view of the Potomac, the Capitol, and surrounding country. The plans contemplate the erection of twenty-six buildings devoted to colleges for history, language and literature, philosophy, the sciences, technology, sociology and economics, law, civics, medicine, scientific temperance, art, religion, etc. The bachelor's degree will be the standard of admission.

For the purposes of the university ten million dollars has been asked. Over one million has already been raised. It has come from all sources and from all denominations, including a bequest from a Catholic priest. While the Methodist Episcopal Church has taken the leadership, on the board of trustees five other denominations are represented by leading citizens of different parts of the country. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has heartily approved and indorsed it. It is intended that there shall be no sectarianism.

The Hall of History is being erected of white

marble in the Ionic style. It is one hundred and seventy-six feet in length and from seventy to ninety-five feet in width. There will be rooms for professors, seminars, lectures, a museum, and an historical library.

The vice-chancellor of the institution is Samuel L. Beiler, of Washington.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER MILLER.

People Talked About.

—MR. STEPHEN CRANE is reaping the reward of his brilliant "Red Badge of Courage." He has more orders from publishers and from newspaper editors than he can properly execute, and the unskillful workmanship of some of his syndicate work shows carelessness or haste. Mr. Crane's present minute study of Tenderloin life, coupled with adequate industry, ought to produce a very interesting volume of realism.

—W. H. Baldwin, Jr., the youthful new president of the Long Island Railroad, was regarded as one of the handsomest men in Harvard College when he was a student there ten or twelve years ago. He is still a fine-looking fellow, with rosy cheeks, black hair, blue eyes, and clean-cut features. Mr. Baldwin was a member of his class crew and foot-ball team while in college, and otherwise inclined to be athletic. He is about thirty-three years old.

—Louise Chandler Moulton's new book, "Lazy Tours," is a souvenir volume of her first trip to Europe, begun just twenty years ago and duplicated faithfully every year since. It is the eleventh of her published works, which are half divided between prose and verse, and it is a charming portrayal of old scenes with a new brush. Mrs. Moulton, in her artistic home in Boston, maintains more than any other literary light there the traditions of the Boston of early Atlantic days.

—For many years Miss Alice Baker, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, has been a patient and painstaking student of the records of the French and Indian wars of American colonial days, and an interesting fruit of her research will appear this winter. This will be a collection of stories of the captives who were taken to Canada from New England during these wars, with accounts from village records of their subsequent wanderings. Miss Baker's work as a historian ranks high, and a critic who has seen a part of her new volume was struck by the dramatic interest of the tales.

—The ten thousand dollars which the Chicago *Record* paid Harry S. Edwards, the Georgian novelist, for his prize story, "Sons and Fathers," will soon be transformed into the brick, mortar and marble of a very handsome house near Macon. Mr. Edwards lives on an extensive plantation there, and his new home will be one of the handsomest rural residences in the State. A picture of it in a Southern newspaper shows it as of the old before-the-war style of Southern architecture, reproducing the Corinthian columns and other features of the Greek temples. It would be interesting to know what Julian Hawthorne did with the like sum of prize money which he won from the New York *Herald*. Has he purchased a yam plantation near Jamaica, or built a yacht to sail the Sargasso Sea?

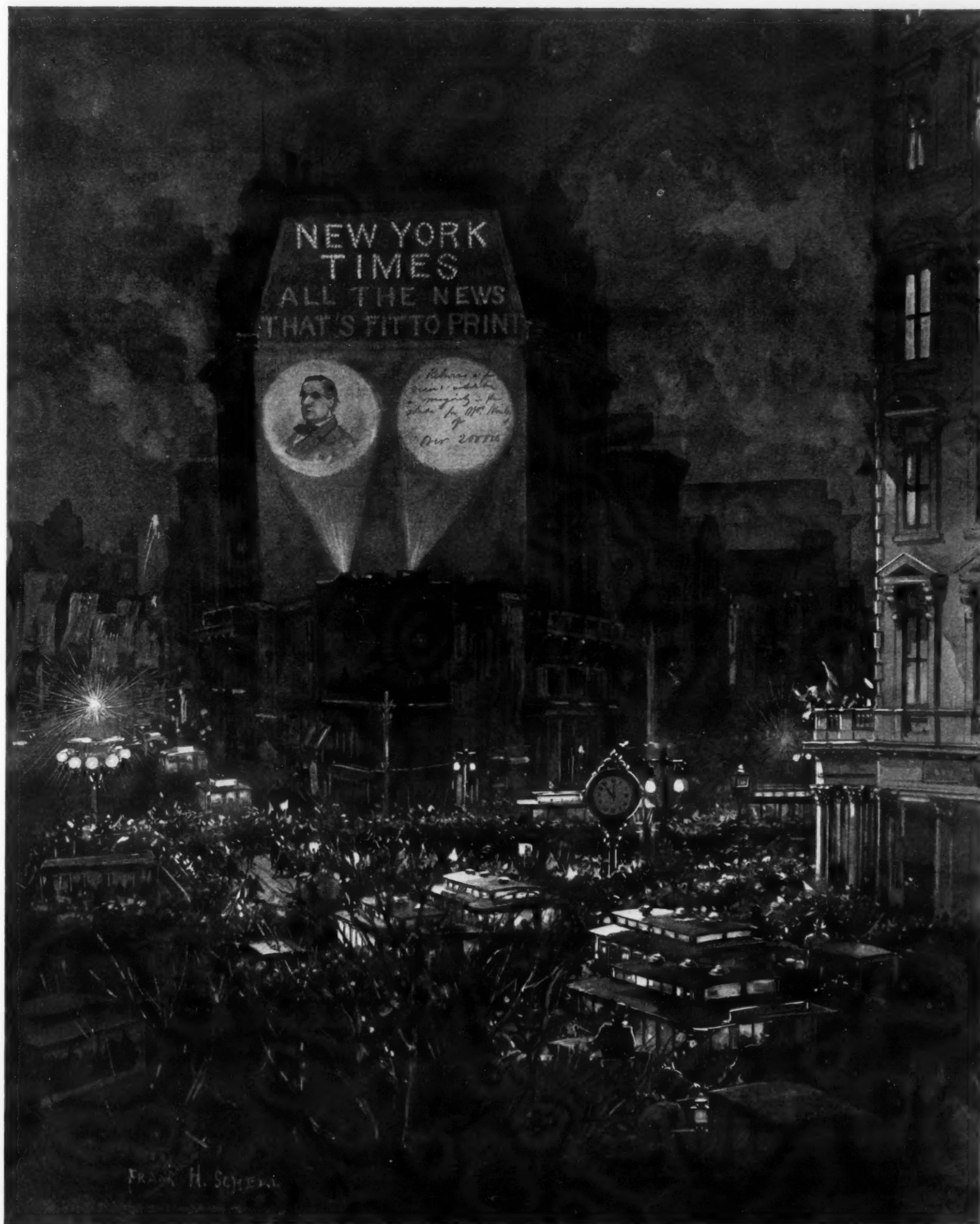
—Three American poets have made successful debuts within the last few months, and two of them are interesting apart from their verse for their humble origin. One, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, whose work has the indorsement of W. D. Howells, is a pure-blooded negro who until recently was an elevator-boy in Dayton, Ohio. The "crisp hundred-dollar bills" which (as per prospectus) the publishers paid him for his first volume formed the largest amount of money he had ever seen. The second, Frank A. Putnam, used to be a cooper. He is now a clever Chicago newspaper writer, a little past thirty. He has written verse for the daily press of Chicago for two years and the siftings of it he has collected into a modest maiden volume. The third *debutante*, John Langdon Heaton, is verging on forty. He also is a newspaper writer, the husband of a more celebrated one.

—The name of Paul Lawrence Dunbar will go down to history as that of the first man of the black race

who won recognition in the world of letters. Mr. Dunbar is a poet, and William Dean Howells says he is the only man of pure African blood and American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have just published a volume of Mr. Dunbar's poems, covering a wide range of thought and feeling.



PAUL L. DUNBAR.
Photograph by Rockwood.



The illustration here given presents a marked contrast with that on the opposite page. In the 'forties election returns were not flashed over the wires, as now, and none of the improved methods of announcing them had come into vogue. Then, sometimes a week passed before the final result was known in the great cities of the country. Now, except in a very close contest, the result is announced by midnight of election day. The interest in the result of the recent election was perhaps more intense than in any contest since 1876. Our picture shows the immense throng which gathered about one of the places where the returns were received and announced.

ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY.

ANNOUNCING THE RETURNS OF THE LATE ELECTION AT TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BROADWAY, AND FIFTH AVENUE.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.

Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.

A Rocky Mountain Ropeway.

ONE of the most interesting studies which a tourist might make in the roaring silver camp of Creede, Colorado, is in the development of its facilities for transporting ore from the mines to



A RIDE DOWN THE TRAM.

the railroad. Rarely has a mine camp been located in as rugged a gulch as that of Willow Creek, where Creede now stands, for the gulch is but a series of ragged rents twelve hundred feet deep in the side of a great mountain—rents that have made three peaks of what was once one. In spite of the wash and wear of ages the walls of these rents are everywhere so steep that only the experienced can climb them, while overhanging cliffs from three hundred to eight hundred feet high appear on every side. Even the slopes, though formed by debris from the precipices, are not of regular face, but are pierced and broken at frequent intervals by needles and towering chimneys of rock that seem to have been shot up from below by some giant convulsion.

It was on the crest of one of the apparently inaccessible precipices that the first ore was found. How was that ore to be brought down over precipice and slope to the railroad that ended in the mouth of the gulch? It was a question that would have puzzled a tenderfoot, while even the experienced miners were a year answering it satisfactorily.

They began by making a narrow path around the precipice, and zig-zag to and fro down the steep face of the slope that led from the precipice down to the stream in the bed of the gulch. The tenderfoot who travels over it for the first time finds his hair ready to stand on end at frequent intervals, for it crosses beds of broken rock that seem ready to go thundering down the mountain if touched by the foot, while at other places it leads along the edge of dizzy heights. Nevertheless, it was a trail a burro could easily follow, and the burro transported the first ore from the mine down to the mouth of the gulch.

After a time a road fit for vehicles was constructed for a mile and a half up the gulch, and then, because there was snow on the ground, substantial sleds were put on that part of the trail. The little burros from the mine, having picked their way down the zig-zag path, stopped while their loads were dumped into the sleds and started back up the mountain for more, while the sled-drivers jumped on the sleds and with whoops and yells sent their teams galloping down the steep inclines along the bed of the creek. Nor was it one mine alone that was thus carrying its product down the mountain-side, but half a dozen in all. Hundreds of tons of ore were carried every month. When it is considered that most of this ore yielded only forty or fifty dollars a ton, and that the carrying of the ore to the railroad cost at first ten dollars a ton, the drain that the transportation made on the resources of the mine-owners can be appreciated.

However, by the improvement of the trails and the competition among the owners of the burros and the sleds, and the wagons used in summer, the cost of carrying ore was eventually reduced to four dollars a ton, and there it might have remained indefinitely but for the invention, some years ago, of the device known as the miner's tram. This is an aerial ropeway or rope-road that has a cable to propel its cars and its cargoes for motive power. When the mines had become permanent shippers a tram-builder came to Creede, and, going to the superintendent of the Holy Moses and the Amethyst mines, began to talk of tramways for the two. He would put one up for the Holy Moses for ten thousand dollars and one for the Amethyst for twenty thousand dollars. That was a lot of money to invest, and the superintendent wanted to consider the matter, but the tram-builder had something more to say. He wanted to know how much ore the mines could produce in a day. The superintendent replied that the

Amethyst alone was good for one hundred tons. And was there no hope of reducing the price of the burro route below four dollars a ton? No. Well, on the tram the cost would be but fifty cents a ton. The superintendent shook his head; that was too good to be true. Thereat the tram-builder offered to give bonds that he would build a tram and carry the one hundred tons of ore per day from the Amethyst for a dollar a ton for a year, and at the end of that time give the tramway outright to the mine-owners. There was no resisting that argument, and a contract for trams was made.

In the course of time trams at both mines were in successful operation. That at the Holy Moses pitches from the crest of the precipice down at an angle of thirty degrees to an ore-house located in the gulch one thousand feet below. That from the Amethyst skirts along Bachelor Mountain, crosses a gulch, and then pitches down over the end of Campbell Mountain to the railroad station.

As already intimated, the tram is a simple affair. It is practically a two-track rope-road, each track being a single steel rope. That is to say, two steel ropes are stretched in a line that is as nearly straight as possible from the mouth of the mine down to the ore-house beside the railroad in the gulch. One of these ropes is thick and strong, that it may bear the weight of the loaded tubs that are suspended on it at the mouth of the mine by means of deeply-grooved pulleys, and are allowed to roll down it to the ore-house. The other rope is lighter, because only empty tubs roll up over it.

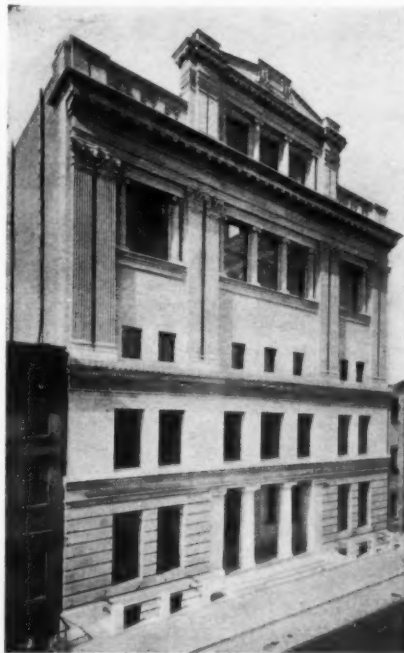
Of course if a tub of ore were suspended, uncontrolled, on the down-grade rope it would whirl away down the steep declivity and knock things to pieces at the end. Moreover, some means must be provided for carrying empty tubs back up to the mine. So a slender cable is strung down the one-rope track, around a big wheel in the ore-house, and back up along the other track to the mine, where it is rove in figure-of-eight shape around some pulleys that are rigged with brakes, and then the ends are spliced together. As the tubs full of ore are suspended on the down-track they are secured by a snap-lock to this cable, which is called a traveler, because it is kept moving by the weight of the tubs going down. As a tub reaches the ore-house below, the snap-lock is opened by a stationary steel finger, and a workman runs the tub along an overhead switch-track, like those used for suspending beehives in city meat-markets, till he reaches the dumping-place, when he tilts the tub and out goes the ore. Then he runs it around to the up-track of rope, snaps it fast to the traveling cable, and up it goes to the mine again.

These aerial trams and their construction are both interesting. Huge frames like oil-region derricks must be erected to support the tram along the mountain-side, often on the verge of precipices hundreds of feet high, and usually on declivities so steep that no tenderfoot would care to venture, much less attempt to build anything, there. One derrick on the Amethyst tram is seventy-five feet high. Imagine the size of the two logs of which the main vent is composed and the task of erecting them on a forty-five-degree mountain-side! It would puzzle a man not used to the work to devise the means of getting the logs down to the right spot, even could the trees be cut on the mountain above the foundation, as these were not cut. Nevertheless, with a gang of men and powerful tackle the work was quickly done by an experienced boss.

The expense of operating a tram includes the interest on the investment, a sinking-fund to keep the plant in efficient order perpetually, and the wages of the men who operate it. Experience shows that on steep grades and long spans, where the wear is greatest and accidents more likely to occur, the cost of running one hundred tons of ore over the tram in ten hours is not far from fifty dollars. Three men to hook on the loaded cars at the upper end, two or three to dump at the lower, with a foreman and a man at the brake, can manage the outfit. The men receive three dollars a day, and they earn it, for the tram allows no shirking. The loaded cars must be dumped the moment they arrive, and the empty ones must be taken off and filled the moment they get back. There can be no respite without tangling things badly unless the brakeman stops the whole line.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

The New Home of the Bar Association.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.
Photograph by Wurts Brothers.

THERE are few, if any, finer club domiciles in the world than the new home of the New York Bar Association, situated in Forty-fourth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. In keeping

with the traditional gravity and dignity of the legal profession, the building is of a severe classic style of architecture, and is constructed of white stone. The great entrance hall accentuates the impression of strength and simplicity which is given by the exterior view of the building. Massive Ionic columns stand in rows on either hand, lending the hall the appearance of the portico of a Grecian temple. The sweep of the corridor is broken by a grand stairway, from the top of which the hall extends to Forty-third Street. But while the law in the abstract may have the coldness which is fittingly expressed by marble, it often brings to its practitioners the luxuries of life, and these have full representation in the numerous apartments which open upon the main corridor. Here the colors are warm and the furnishings luxurious. Fine artistic taste is displayed, and nothing is left undone which will add to the comfort of the members. Regarding it in its entirety, the building is an ornament to the city and a credit to the august association of which it is the home.

Kemble's Coons.

FOR the first time in the history of art the real Southern negro may find himself and his family portrayed amid every-day surroundings, exclusively by the technique of a highly-gifted artist. "Kemble's Coons" are sure to find much popularity wherever the fame of the Southern negro has reached.

There are thirty beautiful half-toned reproductions in sepia of his drawings of colored children and Southern scenes. Mr. Kemble is at his best in the pickaninny. True appreciation enters into every line of the indolent, yet rollicking little creatures who, like "Topsy," have just "grewed."

The ducky's appetite plays no unimportant part in Mr. Kemble's book, and who ever heard of a "darky" who did not love to eat?—particularly of dainties denied. It is impossible not to feel sympathy with the greedy-eyed little negro gazing at the luscious watermelon with no one nigh to hinder. Mr. Kemble has very appropriately called this drawing "Temptation."

A charming little pickaninny leaning over the fence has the legend, "You all ain't seen my puppy, is yer?" while a half-grown girl in a lazy-looking chair, with her disreputably-clad feet on a stool in front, grinningly inquires: "Ain't dis jes' like quality?" In the drawing, "I's got blue blood," we have her more fortunate sister, with a little more definite idea of grandeur, showing in every line her exquisite self-appreciation. Mr. Kemble scorns the Northern darky as a model, drawing a distinct line between him and his Southern cousin, and all the studies for his book were made during a recent trip through the South.

An Electric Motor for the "L" Road.

THE steam-engine is an old and faithful servant that has performed service of inestimable value, but its day is gradually passing. It is steadily but surely being superseded by its powerful and youthful rival, the electric motor. This fact has received its latest illustration in the probable adoption of the Enty electric locomotive for the entire system of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company. A month has now passed since the trial of one of the motors on the branch of the road running from Third Avenue to the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry



THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL.—Photograph by Wurts Brothers.

began, and in this interval of time the electric locomotive has shown itself to be entirely satisfactory as far as its ability to draw trains is concerned.

The Enty motor is one of the latest and best inventions for applying the powers of electricity to locomotion. It consists of a combination of the storage-battery and the third-rail system of supplying a current from a power-house. It is this combining of the two methods of obtaining electric power to propel motors that makes the Enty locomotive cheaper and more efficacious in operation than most of the other systems, notably the trolley. In the latter it is necessary to keep a current in the wires at all times sufficient to move the heaviest car on the heaviest grade, and in consequence most of this power is wasted. With the Enty system a current which is merely strong enough to keep a train of average weight moving on a level plane is sent from the supply-station through the third rail, which fulfills the same offices as the trolley wire. If more than the average amount of power is needed the storage-battery is called upon, and if less than the average, the superfluous power in the third rail is taken into the battery and stored there. Thus waste of the electrical power is minimized and great gains made in economy.

J. H. W.

OUR PLAYERS

OLGA NETHERSOLE, whose third American tour began last Monday at the Montauk Theatre,

Brooklyn, in Giascosa's play, "The Wife of Scarla," may be seen this season in a new adaptation by Clement Scott of Dumas's famous play, "The Princess of Bagdad."

This play was done here many years ago by Augustin Daly, and I believe

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Fanny Davenport appeared as the heroine, but that is so long ago that its revival will be like a new play. Miss Nethersole should make a very fine Princess.

If Colonel J. H. Mapleson does not reap pecuniary benefit from his present venture at the Academy of Music he will at least have earned the gratitude of music-lovers. He has succeeded in proving conclusively that there are new voices under the sun, and that no one firm of managers has a cinch in the operatic market. The fine old opera-house in Irving Place was opened last Monday night, cleansed in a large measure from the cheap class of entertainment that, during the past few years, has defiled it. Renovated, re-carpeted, decked with plants and flowers, the old house took on once more its appearance of two decades ago.

Many of those who attended the opening performance went to scoff; all expected to be bored. How was grand opera possible without the co-operation of the de Reszkés, Melba, and company, without the sanction and support of society? But if both—singers with vanity as inflated as their salaries and the Four Hundred, empty-headed and noisy—were absent, the Academy of Music was filled almost to overflowing by a crowd of earnest lovers of music, curious and skeptical before the rise of the curtain, enthusiastic long before its final fall.

Verdi's "Aida" is not the most attractive opera in the Italian repertoire, but it affords an opportunity for scenic display and also for fine vocal effects. Last Monday's performance from both of these standpoints was not only most satisfactory, but it must be stated frankly that it is a long time since we have seen in New York such complete and artistic treatment given to any opera. On the stage there were no personalities to distract the mind and spoil the picture, no petty vanities to monopolize the lion's share of attention. With the exception of Signor de Anna the singers were all strangers; their singing was judged on its merit alone. Without going into detail as to the individual work of each artist, it may be said that they all acquitted themselves with more than credit. Signora Bonaplat-Bau made her debut in the title rôle and made a most favorable impression. Her voice is a fine quality soprano, of wide range, and although somewhat weak in the middle register, is of great power and volume in the high notes. The tenor, Signor Durot, made a spirited and picturesque *Rhadames*, displaying a voice of good quality, and Signor de Anna's *Amonasro* was thoroughly delight-

ful, both musically and dramatically. Signora Parsi, who appeared as *Amneris*, has a broadly dramatic contralto of power and sympathetic tone. Her singing of the part has not been equaled in this country for years. Signor Dado, a basso of great compass, also made a distinct hit as *Ramfis*. He sang and acted the part with a grace and dignity that frequently aroused the house to enthusiasm.

The orchestra, under the direction of Signor Bimboni, was in excellent form, and the chorus is one of the most carefully trained ever seen here.

After such a glorious opening, there can be no doubt as to the success of Colonel Mapleson's season.

Alexander Salvini is reported to be dying in Italy, where he went last summer for his health.

It has been known for a long time that this clever young actor has been gradually failing in health, but the news of the complete collapse was a shock to all his friends. The son of the famous Tommaso Salvini, Alexander Salvini came to this country about fifteen years ago, rapidly acquired our language, and became identified with the American stage. His best work was done as a member of A. M. Palmer's stock company at the Madison Square Theatre.

"The Mandarin," a new opera-bouffe by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, was produced at the Herald Square Theatre last Monday. A criticism of the piece will appear in this department next week.

Next week Maurice Barrymore will open his starring tour at Palmer's Theatre in "Roaring Dick and Co." Edith Crane is his leading woman.

The tour of Minnie Maddern Fiske will begin on the 23d instant. She will go directly South, and later will come to New York.

Madeline Bouton has gone to Chicago to play a part in Charles Klein and J. I. C. Clarke's new play, "Heartsease." ARTHUR HORNBLow.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Harvard vs. Princeton.

THE first big foot-ball game of the season will be played on the afternoon of November 7th on Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, and the elevens of Harvard and Princeton will resume hostilities on the gridiron, which last year resulted in a Princeton victory.

This year Harvard means to turn the tables upon her Tiger foe. To such an end Coaches Waters, Newell, and Deland have worked for five weeks as never before in their lives, and upon their shoulders will fall either praise or blame, according as the game results; for with a rich lot of material to work upon, it remained for them alone to develop it into a winning team.

Last week the writer visited Cambridge, but was very disappointed in the showing of the team, though it must be admitted that several "best men" were hobbling around the sidelines, too bungled up to play.

While the aggressive game which the eleven put up was on the whole spirited and in the main executed with some show of unison of forces, the defense was quite lifeless. This was surprising, particularly of the three centre men, who, in the persons of Frank Shaw, Norton Shaw, and Bouve, are as powerful and nimble as ever eye dwelt upon.

Not once did this trio show that they were "on their toes" all the time, or in other words that they were determined to get the jump on their opponents.

Yet plenty of snap and aggressiveness may crop out when the Tigers line up against them, and just so sure as it does the Tiger trio will be outplayed.

In the other positions in the line, however, Harvard appears in a poorer light. She cannot match Princeton's tackles, Church and Hildebrand, though the difference in the play of the ends will not be so marked.

If Arthur Brewer could only play and Cabot

had had more work at end, the play in these positions would likely be evened up. But with Brewer out and Cabot spoiled in a way by playing at full-back all season, the chances are greatly against the crimson.

At quarter-back, too, Smith of Princeton is a far better man than Beale. The former is an accomplished player, well versed in handling the ball, and running either from a trick play or a fair catch. Beale is a good man—that's all. Back of the two lines, the writer also prefers Baird, Princeton's full-back, to Brown, the crimson man.

This year Baird is certainly playing a fine game, and his kicking, through the skilled coaching of Alexander Moffatt, has at last arrived at such a stage as to be labeled *dangerous*, both respecting the punt and the drop for goal.

On the other hand, Brown, if his kicking may be judged from practice, is an uncertain performer, with execrable form.

After receiving the ball from the quarter-back, his manner of kicking is certainly unique, yet the possession of a certain natural quickness acts as a saving clause in the estimate of his worth.

Princeton, however, by sending men through the centre and straight down upon Brown, stands an excellent chance of blocking a number of kicks.

Both on account of Harvard's defense for a kick and Brown's habit of kicking straight in front of him after a run-up, a charge from either flank could not result so successfully as one from the centre of the line.

In a kicking game alone Princeton can surely defeat Harvard, for Baird can outkick Brown, or any substitute for Brown, with ease.

It is evident, then, that Harvard must rely for victory more on the work of her backs than anything else.

Now the chances greatly favor Harvard's back men attempting a number of trick plays which rely for success upon close wedge formations and passing the ball at opportune times from first to second runner, as also in deceiving an opponent entirely as to the nature of the play.

One huge factor, however, which is apt to work against these tricks is the greater strength of the Princeton tackles, who, by the way, are at all times backed up admirably by the half-backs. By playing their usual fiercely aggressive game, Church and Hildebrand are sure to upset many a Harvard trick.

At half-back there is not a great deal to choose between the two. In Kelley, Rosengarten, Reiter, and Bannard Princeton possesses a lot of good men well up in defense and strong in line-plays, but not so on end-runs, save Reiter, who, as the particular pupil of Coach Morse, is looked upon as a coming star of the flying order.

Harvard's best appear to be Dunlop, Sullivan, Cozzens, and Captain Wrightington, who, by the way, has a game knee, which will probably keep him out of the game with Princeton, and, maybe, Pennsylvania.

The other three are good runners, but not fine in defense. They are all good starters, though, and once they get steam on they show a lot of dash.

From the preceding remarks it will be easily observed that Princeton, in the opinion of the writer, is a favorite; and to sum up, the reason for placing Princeton first at the finish is this: The Harvard team is relying too much on trick plays, is comparatively weak in kicking, is slow in the line in defense, and lacks that confidence which Wrightington has shown himself capable of inspiring by his presence on the field of play.

On the other hand, the Tiger team possesses a right and left flank of equal and great strength, a centre light but active, a Napoleon at quarter, a star at full-back, and, all in all, playing a skillful game of straight foot-ball, with a certain few tricks well worked up and perfected, such as quarter-back running with the ball, double pass at end, revolving mass on tackle, fake kicks, and otherwise. Besides this, Princeton will go into the game supremely confident of their power to win, not taking Harvard seriously as a dangerous foot-ball opponent.

The only thing which will operate against Princeton's success will be the laying up of several of her best men in preliminary practice.

But strange or fortunate as it may seem, Princeton has a better sub. for Baird than for any other man on the team. This sub. is Wheeler, a brother of "Beef" Wheeler. He is now a kicker of ability and a better man in interference than Baird. He possesses an ideal shape, being some six feet tall and weighing in the eighties. If he does not shine this year, he will most surely next season.

A BOOM IN PRINCETON ATHLETICS.

The annual fall handicap games of the Princeton Athletic Association, held Monday afternoon, October 19th, on 'Varsity Field, Princeton, was a very successful affair, and it was evident from the first that track and field af-

fairs were destined to a boom the result of which could not fail to secure for the Princeton intercollegiate team next year a high place in the finals, and alongside of Yale and Harvard.

Last year Princeton's team finished in the ruck—lower down in the scale than a number of the small-fry teams, as Wesleyan, Amherst, and others. The finish, however, was the last straw, as it were, to awaken Princeton graduates to the necessity of a reform in this department of athletics.

But it was not a result of this reform movement that Champion Charles Kilpatrick, formerly of Union College, entered Princeton this year, passing a creditable examination for the class of 1899. In truth, it may be said the star half-miler simply outgrew the alma mater of his first choice and wanted to graduate at a place—a great university—which would give him greater prestige.

Kilpatrick will not represent Princeton either in the intercollegiate or dual games next year. He does not think it right that he should.

W. T. Bull.

London's Palatial Architecture.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, October 20th, 1896.—The counting-house and offices on the first floor of Messrs. A. & F. Pears' palatial building on New Oxford Street, resembles the main room of the Equitable Insurance offices in New York, or the grand hall of the First National Bank in Chicago, arranged for the accommodation of nearly a hundred clerks, besides the heads of departments, who have separate rooms adjoining. From the counting-room and the lobby by which it is approached, admission is found to the handsome suite of rooms occupied by Mr. Barratt, the leading member of the firm, who by an elaboration of modern appliances can, without quitting his chair, communicate with any part of the house. The several apartments adjoining Mr. Barratt's office have the aspect of rooms in a modern mansion, filled with works of art, each of which has served to spread the *enviable fame of Pears' Soap to all parts of the world*. Back of the counting-room, on the same floor, as well as on the floor below, are stored thousands of iron plates and posters used in advertising "Pears' specialties. The walls are mostly fire-proof, but more especially on the mezzanine floor, where is stored a large portion of the half-million copies of "Pears' Annual," the publication of which involves a very large sum of money, begins in the spring and is ready for shipment in the fall to nearly all parts of the world. This "Annual," intended for Christmas, and sold at twenty-five cents a copy, is superior to the *Graphic*, or, in fact, any similar publication, for it contains choice reading matter and a number of valuable illustrations in colors. Thus the highest faculties of knowledge, tact, and skill have contributed with united energy and unremitting patience to the design and completion of this truly palatial structure—a monument of commercial enterprise unrivaled in any part of the world. An architectural staff of an army-corps of artificers have followed the commands of a competent general, whose triumph they are well entitled to share. The magnificent building we now see is the sun and centre of a system apparently planned with a view to demonstrate the policy of advertising without stint or bound, in all cases where the merit of the thing to be advertised is transcendent of its kind. To Messrs. A. & F. Pears belongs the credit of having raised the practice of advertising to the highest level of pictorial and architectural art.

C. FRANK DEWEY.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.



MAMMY'S LI'L HONEY BOY.
Reduced from "Kemble's Coons," published by R. H. Russell & Son.
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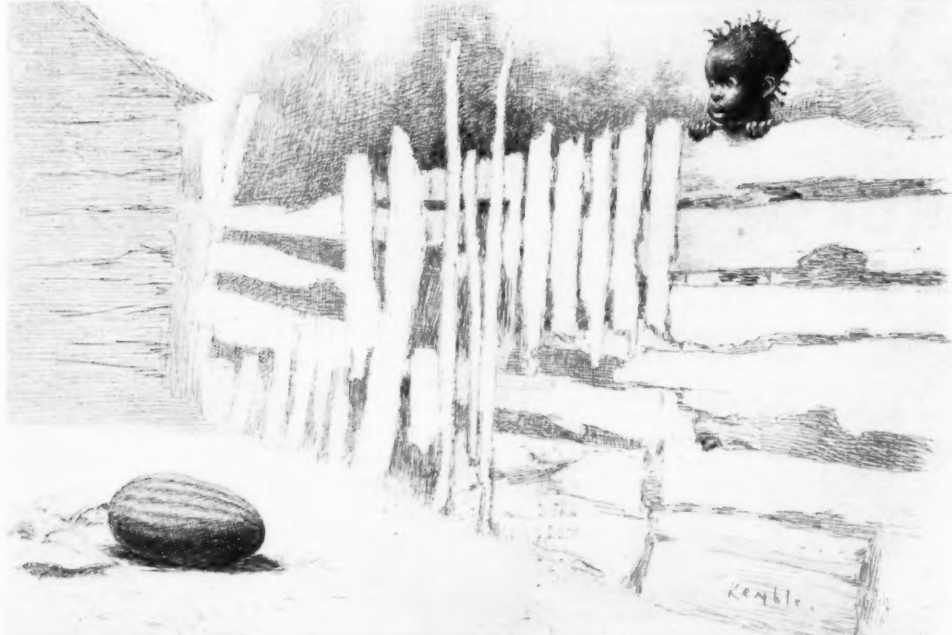
"IT'S GOT BLUE BLOOD."
Reduced from "Kemble's Coons," published by R. H. Russell & Son.
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FREE COTTON AND FREE WOOL.
Reduced from "Kemble's Coons," published by R. H. Russell & Son.
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ROSEMARY.
Reduced from "Kemble's Coons," published by R. H. Russell & Son.
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A VIRGINIA CREEPER.
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A PAIR OF COONS.
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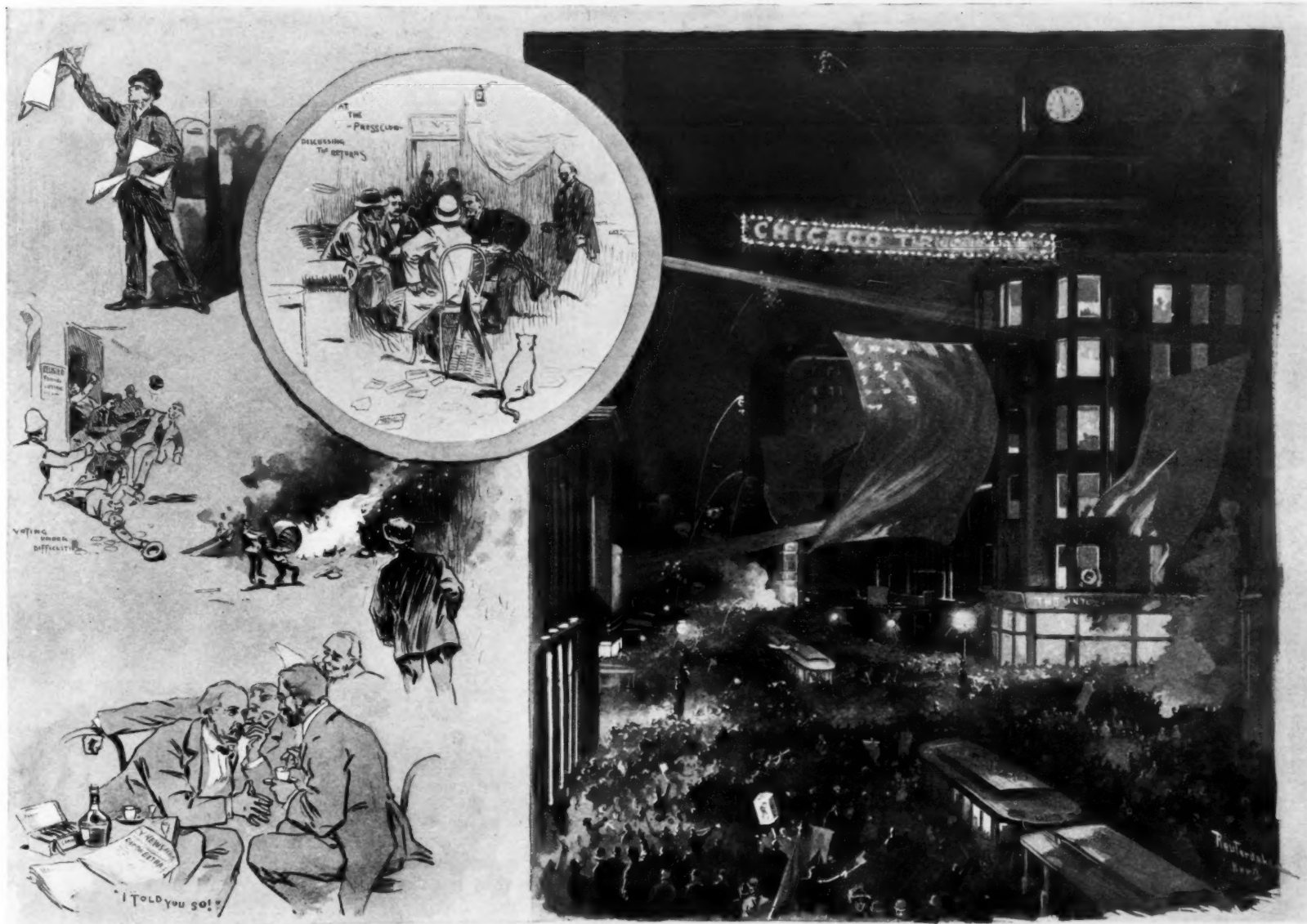
"AIN' DIS JES' LIKE QUALITY?"
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"HE AIN' BIN BORNED LONG."
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KEMBLE'S COONS.

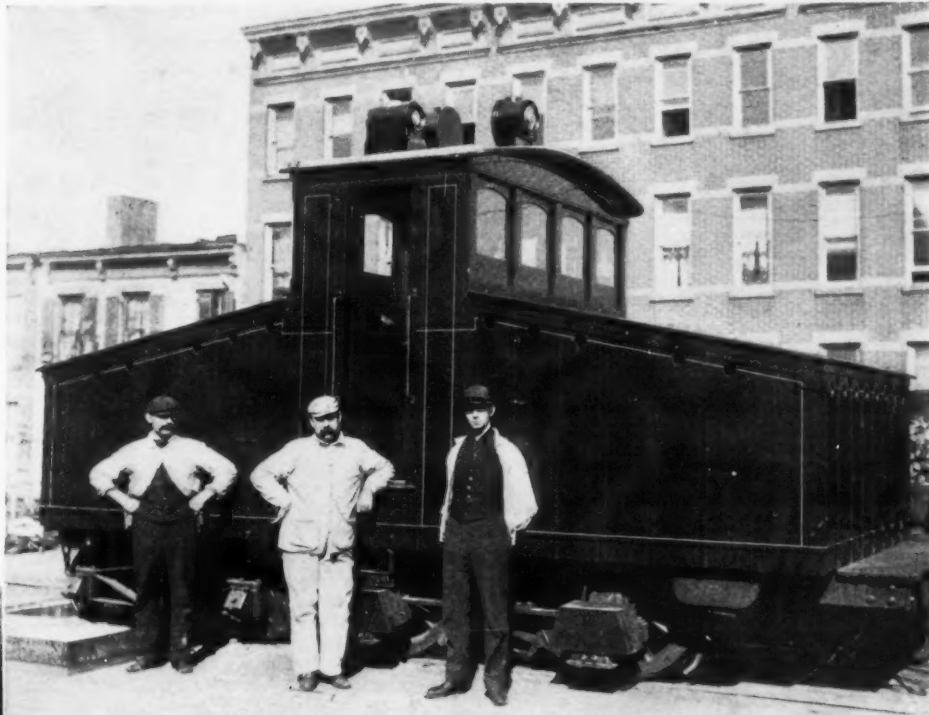
STUDIES OF NEGRO CHARACTER.—[SEE PAGE 313.]



THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE PHENOMENAL POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN CHICAGO—ANNOUNCING THE RETURNS ON THE "INTER-OCEAN" AND "TRIBUNE" NEWSPAPER BULLETINS.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



EX-GOVERNOR ROBERT E. PATTISON, OF PENNSYLVANIA, SPEAKING.



THE ELECTRIC MOTOR IN USE ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH STREET BRANCH OF THE THIRD AVENUE "L."—[SEE PAGE 318.]



BISHOP HURST AND THE SHOVEL.



BISHOP McCABE MAKING THE CLOSING ADDRESS.

THE CORNER-STONE LAYING OF THE COLLEGE OF HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

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"PARNELL SUNDAY" IN DUBLIN.—*Black and White.*
The memory of Parnell is still revered in Ireland as the greatest of her recent leaders. "Parnell Sunday" elicits unfailing demonstrations of popular regard for his name and career.



THE TURKISH CRISIS—SIR PHILIP CURRIE ON HIS WAY TO ATTEND A CONFERENCE AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.—*Illustrated London News.*
The British ambassador at Constantinople has been a conspicuous figure in all the movements of the representatives of foreign Powers, but a good many of his countrymen strongly condemn the failure of the government to act with greater decision in dealing with the Porte.



THE RUSSIAN CZAR IN HIS SCOTS GREYS UNIFORM.—*Black and White.*



THE RUSSIAN CZAR IN PARIS—THE CZAR AND CZARINA AND PRESIDENT FAURE.—*L'Illustration.*
There is no doubt that the visit of the czar to France greatly strengthened the good relations of France and Russia. One result is plainly that England has been isolated while Germany is made really uncomfortable.



THE RESIGNATION OF LORD ROSEBERY AS THE LIBERAL LEADER—HIS VALEDICTORY SPEECH IN EDINBURGH.—*London Graphic.*
"It is against a solitary and feverish intervention in the East that I enter my deliberate protest. . . . I implore you to walk warily in this matter, and to pause before you adopt any of these perilous policies."



THE TURKISH CRISIS—GUARD-SHIPS OF THE FOREIGN EMBASSIES IN THE BAY OF THERAPIA.—*Illustrated London News.*
The sultan recently demanded from the embassies the right to search both these and other foreign vessels touching at Constantinople, for Armenian refugees, but the demand was summarily refused.



THE RECENT FLOODS IN JAPAN—SCENE OUTSIDE KOBE STATION.—*Black and White.*

A FAILURE.

"Then Susie's marriage was a failure?"
 "Yes; she couldn't get a divorce,"—Judge.

HOW TRUE!

What is it that a farmer can raise and always be sure to have a crop?
 A chicken.—Judge.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

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NAUSEA after eating means digestion needs assistance. Take half a wine-glass of Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists and dealers.



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 There's vitality and a growth in strength and flesh in that greatest of grain products

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TEETH AND BREATH.

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 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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PROPOSALS FOR \$16,046,590.70 OF 3 1/2 % Gold Bonds OF THE City of New York.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED, BY AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE PASSED MARCH 14, 1899, TO INVEST IN THESE BONDS AND STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Monday, the 9th Day of November, 1896,
 AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

when they will be publicly opened in the presence of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, or such of them as shall attend, as provided by law, for the whole or a part of the following-described Coupon or Registered Bonds and Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum, to wit:

- \$400,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER AT THIRD AVENUE. Principal payable November 1st, 1917. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 1,925,141.37 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "SCHOOLHOUSE BONDS." Principal payable November 1st, 1915. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 102,849.33 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, SANITARY IMPROVEMENTS SCHOOLHOUSE BONDS. Principal payable November 1st, 1916. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 158,600.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR NEW GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS FOR THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Principal payable November 1st, 1915. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 85,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE PAYMENT OF AWARDS, COSTS, CHARGES, AND EXPENSES CERTIFIED BY THE CHANGE OF GRADE DAMAGE COMMISSION. Principal payable November 1st, 1911. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 600,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR REPAVING STREETS AND AVENUES. Principal payable November 1st, 1917. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 300,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE. Principal payable November 1st, 1918. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 250,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION AND EQUIPMENT OF THE WEST WING OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. Principal payable November 1st, 1917. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 175,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS, PARKWAYS, AND DRIVES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Principal payable November 1st, 1918. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 100,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR REPAVING ROADS, STREETS, AND AVENUES IN THE TWENTY-THIRD AND TWENTY-FOURTH WARDS. Principal payable November 1st, 1917. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 1,000,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "DOCK BONDS." Principal payable November 1st, 1927. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 7,000,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF BONDS AND STOCK MATURING IN THE YEAR 1896. Principal payable November 1st, 1922. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.

- 1,200,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE PAYMENT OF STATE TAXES FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE INSANE. Principal payable November 1st, 1916. Interest payable May 1st and November 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.
- 2,750,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS ADDITIONAL WATER STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Principal payable October 1st, 1915. Interest payable April 1st and October 1st. EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by the City and County of New York.

THE PRINCIPAL OF AND THE INTEREST ON THE ABOVE-DESCRIBED BONDS AND STOCK ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OF THE PRESENT STANDARD OF WEIGHT AND FINENESS, AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The proposals should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and then inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see City Record.

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 DRY GOODS. PHILADELPHIA.





BAD NEWS.

WIFE (screaming)—"John! John! wake up! I just dreamed that you died and went to heaven."
HUSBAND (drowsily)—"Well, what of it?"
WIFE—"Wake up, John! Don't you know that dreams always go by contraries?"

Steaming Hot and made to suit, there is no remedy for weakness and temporary down-heartedness, so quick and sure as a cup of BEEF TEA prepared from

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With all that's spotless, clean and sweet;
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